

DUCKTALES  
"WOO-OO!"

ACT 1

**EXT. DUCKBURG - MORNING**

THE CAMERA SWOOPS over the bay towards DUCKBURG, a gleaming metropolis where intrigue waits at every turn!

WE HEAR swords CLANG! Bodies CRASH! Foes locked in COMBAT!

LOUIE (O.S.)  
Surrender!

DONALD (O.S.)  
NO!

LOUIE  
You will give in!

DONALD  
NEVER!

CAMERA ADJUSTS down to reveal the source of the action: a RAMSHACKLE HOUSEBOAT rocking back and forth in the marina.

**INT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

DONALD DUCK crashes through the kitchen, phone to his ear.

He avoids DEWEY, who beelines beneath Donald's legs carrying a wrench. LOUIE who trails after Donald.

LOUIE  
C'mon Uncle Donald! Why fork over  
cash to a hormonally unstable  
teenager when you could fork it  
over to your own blood?

They pass in front of Dewey, who tinkers with the OVEN as tools and knives CLANG around him.

DONALD  
(to Louie) You are NOT babysitting  
your brothers. (to phone) Hi, Jane?  
I've got a job interview today and  
my usual sitter, um, let's say  
"retired"? Could you could watch  
the-- hello?

HUEY, carrying a suit on a hanger, climbs up Donald's back and tries to yank off his hat. Donald tries to shake him.

HUEY

(RE: SAILOR SUIT) You can't wear this old thing. Dress for the job you want, not the job you have.

DEWEY

(from oven) Which is no job.

DONALD

(to phone) Emmeline! What? No, I'm not calling you to babysit. You'd never consider it after last time... would you? Emmeline?

LOUIE

I'll charge half price for the third triplet.

DONALD

You are the third triplet.

LOUIE

And I am a *handful*, so you're getting a real bargain.

DONALD

(to phone) OliveCanYouWatchThe BoysDon'tHangUpDon'tHang--GRRR.

LOUIE

I can read stories, sing songs, make dreamcatchers out of popsicle sticks. DISCLAIMER: You must provide the popsicles.

Louie scours the freezer. Dewey crosses holding a PROPANE TANK. Huey pulls Donald's hat off.

DONALD

Hey!

HUEY

If you want this job, keep your temper in check. The Junior Woodchuck Guide has a technique for stress. Here.

Huey endlessly, annoyingly taps Donald's forehead.

HUEY (CONT'D)

The job. The job. The--

Donald starts to steam as the tapping continues. Dewey approaches holding the propane tank.

DONALD  
<Hhhrrrrrrrrmmmm!>

DEWEY  
Where do we keep the arc welder?  
Also, what is an arc welder?

Dewey starts walking off.

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
I feel like they're always talking  
about them on home repair shows.

Donald grabs Dewey's head and spins him around.

DONALD  
DEWEY, what are you doing?

DEWEY  
Oh. I'm using the gas tanks from  
the oven to super-charge the  
houseboat engines.

DONALD  
...WHAT?! That's insane!

Huey stops tapping Donalds forehead and hops down.

HUEY  
Yeah, you'd have to convert the  
outboard motor to a bi-fuel  
injector which...

Huey picks up a couple of the tools which are strewn about.

HUEY (CONT'D)  
...actually wouldn't be that hard.  
Uncle Donald, where do we keep the  
arc welder?

Louie pulls the POPSICLE out of his mouth and jumps into the conversation.

LOUIE  
Forget babysitting. (he picks up  
another propane tank) We could be  
playing Blackjack in Montenegro by  
sun-up! Super-boat! Super-boat!

The boys carry SPARE PARTS to the exit. Donald snatches the propane tank and cuts them off.

DONALD

We are NOT taking the houseboat to  
Montenegro!

The kids drop their tools and slump to the ground.

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE

Man.../Killjoy./Super-boat...

Donald hates seeing the kids' upset. He gives a sly smile.

DONALD

We'll have to take a luxury yacht.

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE

REALLY?/ SERIOUSLY?!/ SUPER-BOAT?!

DONALD

Absolutely! After I get the job,  
pay the back-rent on the marina,  
save up for travel expenses, hotel,  
incidentals, *emergency* incidentals-

As Donald lists all the steps in his plans, the boys melt  
lower and lower to the ground. Uuuuggghh...

DONALD (CONT'D)

I know it's not exciting, but we  
have to sacrifice to keep our  
family afloat. Literally; we're  
gonna lose the boat if I don't get  
this job so we need to find a  
sitter. Pronto!

Donald thumbs through his phone. The boys exchange a look.  
This is their shot.

LOUIE

You know, we could stay with Uncle  
Scrooge.

Donald drops the propane tank on his foot.

DONALD

OWW! Uh-uh. No way! Forget it.

Donald limps off to ice down his foot. The boys chase after.

HUEY

But there's no one else!

DEWEY

He's our only relative in town and  
we've never even met him!

DONALD

There's a reason for that. Under NO circumstances am I gonna trust you with that-that- lunatic!

LOUIE

Guess you'll have to leave us by ourselves.

The boys smile mischievously. Dewey pops up behind Louie and sparks up an ARC WELDER.

DEWEY

Found it!

Donald SIGHS.

**INT. DONALD'S STATION WAGON - DAY**

Donald (in a suit) drives his STATION WAGON through Duckburg.

DONALD

(muttering) Doggone no-good...why do we even have an arc welder?

The kids excitedly bounce around in the back seat.

HUEY

I can't believe it! UNCLE SCROOGE!

As the kids tell their "Scrooge Tales," we see BARKS-STYLE painted montages of each adventure. Each shot is composed to hide Scrooge's face, *Indiana Jones* style.

**EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE - DAY**

A INCAN TRIBE presents Scrooge with a GIANT SCROOGE STATUE.

DEWEY (V.O.)

I heard he's so epic an Incan tribe built a statue to him but a demon possessed the statue and he had to kill it so they built him a smaller, more manageable one!

Scrooge defeats a RED-EYED POSSESSED STATUE, then easily holds back a two-foot tall POSSESSED STATUE with his cane.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - DAY**

Scrooge pulls back a branch to find a SHADOWY MONSTER.

HUEY (V.O.)

I heard he's so smart he solved the mystery of the Chupacabra! Turns out it was just a shaved bear and now the bear is his best friend!

The shadow fades, revealing a SHAVED BEAR holding shaving cream and a razor. The bear gives a "Welp, ya caught me" shrug, and the two laugh and shake hands.

**EXT. TIBETEN TEMPLE - DAY**

Scrooge stands atop a TEMPLE OF GOLD.

LOUIE (V.O.)

I heard he's so rich he turned the Lost Temple of Gold into a Water Park but the water is made of gold and also his bathing suit is gold!

Scrooge slides down the side of a temple on a wave of gold!

**INT. DONALD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS**

Donald is visibly irritated by their hero worship.

DONALD

Take it down a notch. It's just gonna be two hours.

As the car drives off, we see SCROOGE'S GLEAMING MONEY BIN on a hill high above the town.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Two hours with the most exciting man the world!

**INT. SCROOGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

SCROOGE McDUCK absentmindedly doodles in the NEWSPAPER while THE BOARD, a trio of stuffy old buzzards, sits opposite, conducting a mind-numbingly dry meeting.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

--with revenues increasing in the Spoonerville and Cape Suzette markets, noted in Appendix C.

SCROOGE

(bored) Go on.

As Bentley drones, REVEAL SCROOGE'S SKETCH: he's turned a Sudoku puzzle into a treasure map. On top, a drawing of Scrooge with a jetpack and a chest of jewels flying over a volcano as the board falls right in.

Suddenly, SOMETHING in the corner of the newspaper catches Scrooge's eye. He feverishly scribbles some notes.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

Holdings in St. Canard have been less then favorable, but we expect that to change with the rollout of Project Blatherskite next quarter.

BRENDA BUZZARD

Thank you, Bentley. That concludes old business. Any new business?

Awkward beat as Scrooge scribbles. He slams the pencil down.

SCROOGE

It's drizzling off the Drake Barrier Reef!

They stare blankly at him.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Which hasn't seen rain in fifty years? This weather report aligns perfectly with the Prophecy of PAPIA!

Scrooge slams a GIANT STONE TABLET onto the desk.

BRENDA BUZZARD

We've gotta start checking his desk for prophecies.

SCROOGE

(ignores her) By my calculations, this shift in the currents presents a pathway to the greatest unsolved mystery of our time!

He leaps onto the table! A MUG spills on Bentley. He gets in each of their confused faces, excitedly, one at a time.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

ATLANTIS! Lost city under the sea!

The Board is unimpressed. Bentley cleans himself off.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

Sir, we've been over this. The company is done-- wait, what are the odds you'll be killed on this expedition?

SCROOGE

None. With the right team, it'll be perfectly safe.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

<AHEM> The company is done paying for your little adventuring habit.

Scrooge grabs Bentley by the lapel.

SCROOGE

I'll have you know this company was built on my "little adventuring habit," and I've got a bin full of profit to prove it!

Scrooge throws open the GIANT VAULT DOOR on the wall, revealing a BIN FULL of treasures, jewels, and riches from a lifetime of adventuring.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

The Treasure of Collie Baba alone-

BRADFORD BUZZARD

-was decades ago. You haven't gone on an adventure in years, yet we're still paying for it. For instance, why does five percent of our annual budget go to "Magical Defense"?

SCROOGE

Asks the guy who's never been sucked into a demon dimension.

BENTLEY BUZZARD

And why are we leaving all these hard assets in a bin instead of investing them? I mean, what do you plan to do, swim in it?

Scrooge eyes him, annoyed. Brenda throws the vault CLOSED.

BRENDA BUZZARD

The past is passed. McDuck Enterprises is your future.

BRADFORD BUZZARD

You're getting up there in years.  
We expect you to step back, stay  
out of trouble, and STOP TAKING  
RISKS. You have no heirs or  
successors. When you're gone, this  
company will be all that's left of  
the name McDuck. Don't you want to  
protect your legacy?

Scrooge slumps down in his chair. He knows they're right.

BRENDA BUZZARD

Now. All in favor of finding the  
Lost City of Atlantis?

BRENDA/BRADFORD/BENTLEY

Nay.

SCROOGE

(defeated) Nay...

**EXT. DUCKBURG STREETS - DAY**

SCROOGE'S LIMO screeches through the streets, cutting every corner, narrowly missing... well, pretty much everything.

**INT. SCROOGE'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS**

Intrepid chauffeur LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK, calmly drives like a maniac. Scrooge grousing in the back seat, ignoring him.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

Rough day at the office, Mr. McDee?  
Been there. I mean, obviously I've  
been there because it's where I  
pick ya up every day. But I know  
what it's like to have a rough day  
at the office. I mean, obviously I  
don't have an office, but in a lot  
of ways, the road is my office.  
Hey, that's pretty deep. I gotta  
write that down.

Launchpad reaches for a pen in the glovebox, causing the whole car to swerve onto the sidewalk.

SCROOGE

Eyes on the road, McQuack!

**EXT. DUCKBURG STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

The limo tears around a corner. Suddenly, a HEAVILY ARMORED VAN pulls out of an alley and drives alongside it!

**INT. SCROOGE'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS**

The van pulls up next to Launchpad. The side door slides open: IT'S THE BEAGLE BOYS, aiming a bazooka at the limo!

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK  
Uh-oh. We got Beagle Boys! Anything  
I can do to make this high-speed  
chase more...

SQUEEEEEK. Scrooge rolls up the DRIVER DIVIDER WINDOW.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK (CONT'D)  
...comfortable? (to Beagles) Sorry,  
boys. He's, uh, not in the mood.

The limo speeds away. The Beagles are bummed.

BEAGLE BOYS  
Awwwww... (then) AAAAAAHHHHH!

CRASH! The van slams into a lamppost!

**EXT. MCDUCK MANOR - GATE - DAY**

The limo screeches up to the FRONT GATE of Scrooge's palatial mansion and STOPS. The divider rolls down.

SCROOGE  
Why aren't we moving?

Launchpad points to a CAR BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE. Scrooge sticks his head into the front seat.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
Nonsense. This is my home. (to  
car) Jettison that jalopy from my  
driveway this instant, deadbeat!

He pushes Launchpad aside and LEANS ON THE HORN. Of course the front car is DONALD'S STATION WAGON. Donald awkwardly stretches out the car window to argue with the INTERCOM. Scrooge's eyes go wide with recognition.

DONALD  
Hold on! (to intercom) Just open  
the gate already, you no-good high-  
falutin' (UNINTELLIGIBLE SQUAWKING)

MRS. BEAKLEY (O.S., ON INTERCOM)  
I'm sorry. There must be a problem  
with the intercom, I can't  
understand a word you're saying.

Huey leans over to Donald and taps him on the forehead.

HUEY  
The job. The job. The job.

DONALD  
(calming) I'm Scrooge's nephew,  
Donald.

SCROOGE (O.S.)  
Donald Duck.

The intercom squawks off. The boys pop their heads up, eyes wide. IT'S HIM! Donald turns to face Scrooge in the driveway.

DONALD  
Scrooge.

Both take in the awkwardly tense moment.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
You're... looking well.

SCROOGE  
Still living on that boat?

DONALD  
Yup. Still a trillionaire?

Scrooge points his cane up at his MANSION.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
Good. So...

SCROOGE  
So... JETTISON THAT JALOPY FROM MY  
DRIVEWAY THIS INSTANT, DEADBEAT!

DONALD  
Here we go! Handing out orders like  
he's the RICHEST DUCK IN THE WORLD!

The boys' heads bop back and forth between the two. Dewey turns to Louie, who shrugs. What is *this* all about?

SCROOGE

I AM the richest duck in the world  
and that clunker's an eyesore in  
any tax bracket! Now move it!

DONALD

I will, if you watch the boys so I  
can go to this job interview!!

SCROOGE

A job! Glad to see you're finally  
making something of yourself!

DONALD

Oh, thank you! It's a great  
opportunity! You can watch the boys  
for two hours without losing them?!

SCROOGE

Why is everyone questioning my  
competence today?! Of course I can!

DONALD

GREAT! THANKS!

Donald swings the back seat door open with emphasis to let  
the boys out of the car.

SCROOGE

YOU'RE WELCOME! (beat) Wait. What  
just happened?

He turns to come face to face with Huey, Dewey, and Louie.

DONALD

Huey, Dewey, Louie, meet Scrooge  
McDuck. Remember: no tricks, no  
lies, no trouble.

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE

Yes, Uncle Donald.

DONALD

I wasn't talking to you.

Donald eyes Scrooge, hops in his car, and drives off. Scrooge  
stands in front of the trio, who BEAM WITH ADMIRATION.

SCROOGE

So... Do children still like  
marbles, or...?

THE BOYS EXPLODE WITH ENERGY, MOBBING SCROOGE!

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE

How old are you?/Did you really  
basejump INTO a volcano?/What's  
your net worth?/What's the deal  
with you and Uncle Donald?/Can we  
go on an adventure or are you too  
old?/How come you never visit?/Cuz  
you're old and moving is hard?

LOUIE

What ever happened to you? You used  
to be a big deal!

That last one pushes Scrooge over the edge.

**INT. NON-DESCRIPT MANSION ROOM - DAY**

Scrooge shoves the boys into a mostly EMPTY ROOM.

SCROOGE

I leave you in the capable hands of  
my housekeeper, Mrs. Beakley. Huey.  
Louie. (beat) The third one.

Scrooge stomps off down the hall.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Hmmph. "Used to be a big deal."

DEWEY

Hey, wait a second!

Dewey goes after him but slams into the rock-solid torso of MRS. BEAKLEY, who blocks the exit. Her shadow looms menacingly over the boys with positively British severity.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Welcome to McDuck Manor. Do not leave the designated "play area". Do not touch anything. Try not to look at anything. McDuck Enterprises is not responsible for injuries accidental, supernatural, or metaphysical.

She tosses them a BAG. Dewey opens it: MARBLES.

MRS. BEAKLEY (CONT'D)

A gift from your Great Uncle. You will return them upon departure. I've counted them. Any questions?

HUEY  
Are we technically prisoners?

Mrs. Beakley eyes a SET OF SHACKLES IN THE CORNER.

MRS. BEAKLEY  
We'll see how the morning goes.

She leaves. CLICK! And locks the door. Beat.

LOUIE  
Well, this has been a crushing  
disappointment. We're breaking out  
of here, right?

DEWEY  
Yup. And I know exactly how to do  
it...

Crafty Dewey holds up a marble.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. NON-DESCRIPT MANSION ROOM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER**

Dewey continuously SLAMS ON THE DOORKNOB with the bag of marbles! Huey and Louie lay sprawled out on the floor.

DEWEY  
Stupid!...Doorknob!...Come!...Off!

The doorknob finally breaks off!

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
That's what I call using your mar-

A marble hits him in the head.

HUEY  
(interrupting) Don't.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The boys peek out the door into a musty old hallway.

LOUIE  
Time to make our own adventure.

WHAM! The boys out cold! Marbles spill out across the floor.

**END OF ACT 1**

ACT 2**INT. DARKENED INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

A spotlight shines on the boys, WHO HANG UPSIDE DOWN.

LOUIE  
(crying) I'll put all the marbles  
back! I swear!

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE darts between the shadows, circling them.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE  
(growling) Why are you here? Who  
sent you? Ma Beagle? Glomgold?  
ANSWER ME!!!!

DEWEY  
Why is this happening?!

HUEY  
Man, we never should have asked to  
meet Uncle Scrooge.

The figure stops short.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE  
Uncle Scrooge? OHMYGOSH, IT'S YOU!

The lights come up. Their attacker is in fact excitable young WEBBY VANDERQUACK. And the interrogation room is actually a typical 12 YEAR-OLD GIRL'S ROOM, but covered in maps, globes, and leather-bound prophecies.

With a flick of her wrist, she whips the "rope" (actually a hair ribbon) loose, sending the boys crashing to the ground, and pulls her hair back. She pulls out a PAD and takes notes.

WEBBY  
The nephews! What are your blood  
types? What's Donald like? Which  
one of you's the evil triplet?!

HUEY/DEWEY  
Louie.

LOUIE  
Wait, how do you know who we are?

WEBBY  
I know all about Mr. McDuck and his  
family! It's kinda my hobby.

Webby pulls down on a map on the far wall. It retracts, sending her up into the air; she lands in a perfect backflip. Behind the map is a giant HANDWRITTEN BULLETIN BOARD covered in pictures of Scrooge and his family, various adventures, theories, questions, etc. It's like something out of *Seven*.

Webby bounces around as she traces their genealogy.

WEBBY (CONT'D)  
Huey, Dewey, and Louie Duck.  
Scrooge's great nephews on his  
sister Hortense's side with  
Quackmore Duck, twice removed.

DEWEY  
O...k. And *you* are?

WEBBY  
Oh! Right! Webby! Webby  
Vanderquack! My granny's the maid.  
Hey, I don't suppose you wanna be  
best friends?

HUEY  
If we say yes, will you let us  
live?

WEBBY  
(laughing) Pfft! Good one, new best  
friend.

Louie perks up.

LOUIE  
Alright! A friend on the inside.  
What do you do for fun around here?

WEBBY  
Didn't you see the wall?

LOUIE  
I mean action! Adventure!

DEWEY  
Yeah we thought hanging out with  
Scrooge was gonna be all "kung fu  
fights" and mine cart chases.

WEBBY  
Oh! Duh. Obviously I'm the best at  
adventure. Ummmm...

She roundhouse kicks open a VENT on the wall and climbs in.

WEBBY (CONT'D)  
Follow me!

HUEY  
I was less scared of her when she  
was gonna kill us.

The boys exchange nervous looks, then crawl in after her.

**INT. SCROOGE'S STUDY - DAY**

Scrooge paces through his immaculate study, tearing cards out of a ROLODEX. Mrs. Beakley stands by, motionless.

SCROOGE  
Shanghai Rodriguez?

MRS. BEAKLEY  
Deceased.

SCROOGE  
Stabby McStabberson?

MRS. BEAKLEY  
You mean "Gabby McStabberson"?  
Retired.

SCROOGE  
Immortal Ron Shortsweather?

MRS. BEAKLEY  
Turns out, not immortal.

SCROOGE  
Shame. He was a great pilot.

Launchpad pops his head in the open door.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK  
I'm a pilot.

Scrooge ignores him.

SCROOGE  
What about Morocco Pete?!

MRS. BEAKLEY  
That's just a name you made up.

SCROOGE  
BAH! Everyone I know is either old,  
dead, or fictional!

Scrooge throws the rolodex in the air, sending cards flying.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Sir, if I didn't know any better,  
I'd say you were putting together  
an expedition team.

SCROOGE

Beakley, please. I have  
responsibilities. I'm not gonna  
risk my legacy to go traipsing off  
on some fool quest. I'm simply  
putting together a guest list for  
an informal afternoon tea.

He shoves a PEN AND PAD in Beakley's hand.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Take a memo. Wanted: Intrepid team  
of adventurers and risk-takers...  
for tea. Must be tougher than the  
toughies, smarter than the  
smarties, and looking to make their  
money square. I need excavators,  
innovators, roughnecks, and pilots--

Launchpad leans into the study.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

I'm a pilot.

SCROOGE

--looking to solve a mystery and  
rewrite history... at the tea  
party. Now read that back.

MRS. BEAKLEY

("reading") Wanted: One secretary  
for an old man who seems to have  
forgotten that I. AM NOT. HIS  
SECRETARY.

She throws the pen like a dagger, narrowly missing Scrooge's  
head and lodging itself perfectly in a tabletop pen holder!

SCROOGE

You wouldn't want to come out of  
retirement, would you, Beakley?

She raises an eyebrow at him.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Webby needs me. There's more than  
one way to build a legacy.

SCROOGE  
<Harrumph!>

Scrooge approaches a mantle covered in PAINTINGS OF HIS ANCESTORS all looking down at him.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
I suppose you think I should hang up my spats too, eh? Become the dottering old quack everyone thinks I am, spinnin' yarns about the man I "used to be"?

He points to a SHINY DIME UNDER GLASS on the mantle.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
Do you know what that is?

MRS. BEAKLEY  
You're Number One Dime, the first dime you ever made.

SCROOGE  
Exactly, and--

MRS. BEAKLEY  
-you earned it through your own hard work. No one helped you then and you don't need help now.

SCROOGE  
Right, so--

MRS. BEAKLEY  
-so who cares what the Board says. You're Scrooge McDuck, and bless your bagpipes, you'll find Atlantis on your own. I'll go press your wet suit.

Beakley exits, leaving a stunned Scrooge standing in a pile of torn rolodex cards.

SCROOGE  
(calling) You sure know how to take the fun out of a dramatic moment!

MRS. BEAKLEY (O.S.)  
I'm not cleaning those cards up!

**INT. MCDUCK MANOR - HALLWAY - DAY**

A LOOSE VENT COVER crashes to the floor. Webby lands with grace. The boys collapse behind her in a heap.

LOUIE  
(wheezing) Air ducts in the movies  
are usually so clean!

Huey looks back and sees a room at the end of the hall, the decor and signage clearly label it as "Webby's Room".

HUEY  
(coughing) Is that your room?? Why  
didn't we use the door?

WEBBY  
You said you wanted adventure.  
What's more adventurey than a vent  
full of spiders?

LOUIE  
<AAAH!!>

Louie FREAKS at a spider on his shoulder. Webby picks it up and tosses it back into vent.

WEBBY  
(to spider) Later, Morocco Pete!  
Send George and Helen my best!

DEWEY  
You don't get out much, do you?

She leads them down the hall.

WEBBY  
Granny's a bit overprotective. She  
says I've got everything I need in  
here and she trained me to deal  
with whatever's waiting out there.

Webby leaps up and swings from a chandelier.

WEBBY (CONT'D)  
But one day I'm gonna see the  
world! I'm gonna be an explorer!  
I'm gonna eat a hamburger!

DEWEY  
We could bring you a hamburger.

Webby suddenly drops down. She tears up as she hugs the boys.

WEBBY  
You truly are the best friends  
ever. (then) Ooo! We're here! THE  
SECRET WING.

Webby opens the door to a dark room. Just inside is small area encircled by a VELVET ROPE. Beyond that it's a MUSEUM TO ADVENTURE! Massive gold idols! Mystic artifacts! A triceratops and caveduck skeleton!

DEWEY  
Let's go!

The boys rush for the room. Webby immediately blocks them.

WEBBY  
Woah! Grandma said I can't go past  
the velvet rope!

LOUIE  
You always listen to your grandma?

WEBBY  
Have you met my grandma?

Webby sits on the floor.

WEBBY (CONT'D)  
Besides you can see tons of awesome  
stuff from here you really crane  
your neck...

LOUIE  
Webby, live a little!

She looks at him blankly.

LOUIE (CONT'D)  
If you wanna eat the ice cream,  
you've gotta risk the headache.

WEBBY  
I'm not allowed to eat ice cream.

HUEY  
Nono, it's a metaphor. Like "If you  
want the rose, you have to deal  
with the thorns."

WEBBY  
The thorns are the best part! Did  
you know ancient Sumerians used  
thorns for rudimentary tools?

Huey's visibly frustrated. Dewey steps in.

DEWEY

If you want to see the cool stuff,  
you've gotta cross the rope.

WEBBY

Hey! I get that because it's  
happening right now! Let's go!

She jumps to her feet and hops over the rope.

**INT. SCROOGE'S SECRET WING - CONTINUOUS**

The kids hop the rope and run in. Immediately a huge ROBOTIC SENTRY whirs to life and points its guns at them. They all skid to a stop.

DT-87

INTRUDER DETECTED. VOICE PRINT ID  
REQUIRED.

WEBBY

Maybe it's not loaded?

<KER-CHUNCK>!!! It sure sounds like it reloaded.

DT-87

5-4-3-2-

DEWEY

Uh, (as Scrooge) "I'm an old creaky  
has-been with a dumb stupid face."

The kids cower. DT-87 deactivates.

DT-87

VOICE PRINT RECOGNIZED. HELLO,  
SCROOGE McDUCK.

KIDS

<phew>

DEWEY

Hey, what's that?!

Dewey spots the PINT-SIZED SCROOGE STATUE from his story!

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Woah...

Louie sees an old-timey GOLDEN SWIMSUIT!

LOUIE

Cool!

Huey spies a FRAMED PHOTO of Scrooge and a SHAVED BEAR toasting at a fancy restaurant.

HUEY

I knew it!

Louie goes to pick up a GOLDEN GAUNTLET. Webby grabs him.

WEBBY

Careful! Midas Glove. It can turn organic matter to solid gold!

Huey marvels at a GONG hanging from a DRAGON-SHAPED STAND.

WEBBY (CONT'D)

The Gong of Pixiu. Hit it three times to unleash *unspeakable evil*.

As Huey, Louie, and Webby run through the wing, Dewey's drawn to a TORN PAINTING in the corner: a SWASH-BUCKLING SCROOGE on a ship's deck, fighting off pirates. Swinging from the crow's nest is a YOUNG, ADVENTUROUS DONALD DUCK.

DEWEY

Uncle Donald? What happened to you?

**EXT. DOCK - FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Donald sits, tugging at his tie, surrounded by GIANT BRAWNY TOUGH GUYS. He awkwardly tries to start up conversation.

DONALD

So where'd you get your accounting degree? I got mine online.

A TOUGH GUY next to him growls back. WHAM! A drill sergeant of an INTERVIEWER throws the door open.

INTERVIEWER

Lissenup, maggots! Look to your left, now to your right. You may have to kill one of these men to win this position.

DONALD

(GULP)

**BEGIN "INTERVIEW" MONTAGE.**

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
We're looking for the best. These  
trials will test your strength...

- On a dock, Donald struggles desperately to lug a GIANT  
METAL CHAIN. It doesn't budge.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
...wits...

- Tough guys tie elaborate knots. Reveal Donald completely  
wrapped in a tangled mess of rope.

DONALD  
If I just...pull...here...

The whole mess instantly CONSTRICTS AROUND HIM.

INTERVIEWER  
And endurance.

- PAN OVER tough guys sweating to hold up HEAVY RUBBER RAFTS.  
LAND ON Donald trying to do the same, but the raft completely  
envelopes him. Donald tears through the raft.

DONALD  
What kinda cockamamie accounting  
job is this?!

INTERVIEWER  
Accounting? Filled that this  
morning!

The interviewer points to a BURLY ACCOUNTANT.

BURLY ACCOUNTANT  
I know counting. One, two. Et  
Cetera.

INTERVIEWER  
We're looking for a sailor!

He holds up a SAILOR SUIT identical to Donald's old one.  
Donald shakes with anger, then taps his own forehead.

DONALD  
(to self) The job. The job. The--

**INT. SCROOGE'S SECRET WING - DAY**

Louie casually places GREEN POST-ITS on various treasures.

HUEY  
What are you doing?

LOUIE  
Calling dibs on Scrooge's stuff for  
when he, y'know, (croaking noise).

HUEY  
Louie!

LOUIE  
He's super-old! OOO! Treasure  
chest!

Louie runs up to an OLD TREASURE CHEST and throws it open.  
Just a bunch of OLD LINENS.

LOUIE (CONT'D)  
Aw, just a bunch of dirty laundry.

SUDDENLY THE SHEETS BEGIN TO GLOW The kids back away in  
horror as the sheets rise above them, forming...

...a pathetic-looking BED-SHEET GHOST. The kids deflate.

WEBBY  
Hey, he's kinda cute.

Huey marches up to the ghost.

HUEY  
Seriously? This cheap hoax is what  
Scrooge thinks is "adventure"?

Huey rips off the sheet, REVEALING A DECOMPOSED PIRATE GHOST!

PEGHOOK'S GHOST  
YAAAAAAAARRRR!!!!

KIDS  
AHHHHHH!!!!

WEBBY  
OH! The ghost of Captain Peghook,  
come for revenge on Scrooge!

PEGHOOK'S GHOST  
Curse ye, ya scurvy lifelubbers!

Peghook lunges for the kids, who dive out of the way. Dewey  
grabs a BROADSWORD mounted on the wall.

DEWEY  
Have at ye, barnacle-br--AAAH!!

The sword breaks free from Dewey's grasp and flies towards (and through) Peghook, careening around the room!

WEBBY

The Deus Excalibur! It won't rest until it's slain its target!

HUEY

But he's already dead!

Huey and Webby duck as the sword flies by, ricocheting off of PIXIU'S GONG! BOOONNNNNNG!

Amidst the chaos, Louie puts his hands in the air and slowly sits on a SADDLE on the floor.

LOUIE

I'm just gonna sit this one out.

A muscular, bipedal HORSE MONSTER WITHOUT A HEAD grows out from under the saddle and THROWS LOUIE!

WEBBY

It's the Headless Horse-man! That one feels self-explanatory.

The kids hide behind the DT-87. The ghost lunges overhead! The sword bounces madly around the room! The Headless Horse-Man flails blindly, hitting PIXIU'S GONG AGAIN! BOOONNNNNNG!

DEWEY

That's twice!

WEBBY

One more and something terrible could happen.

LOUIE

What could be worse than this?

SCROOGE (O.S.)

WHAT IN DISMAL DOWNS IS GOING ON IN HERE?!?!

The kids turn to face a FURIOUS SCROOGE in the doorway. They look at him sheepishly as CHAOS rages behind them.

HUEY/DEWEY/WEBBY

Louie did it.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3**INT. SCROOGE'S SECRET WING - DAY**

Scrooge and the kids dive behind a GIANT COIN to avoid the piratey, swordy, horsey mayhem. Huey peeks around the edge.

HUEY

OK. There are five of us and three of them. I like our chances-- wait, never mind. They teamed up.

REVEAL Peghook wielding Deus Excalibur, riding the Horse-Man.

SCROOGE

Good. That means there's only one target.

Scrooge stomps out into the open to face them.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Oi! Beastie! State your unfinished business.

Peghook swings the sword at Scrooge, who expertly deflects and dodges with his cane.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

What's it gonna take to shuffle ya off to the afterlife?

PEGHOOK'S GHOST

The head of SCROOGE McDUCK!

The ghost BURSTS INTO SPECTRAL FLAMES. Scrooge gulps.

SCROOGE

Would you settle for Scrooge's hat?

PEGHOOK'S GHOST

RRRAAAAHHH!

Peghook charges Scrooge! Scrooge throws his hat in Peghook's face, temporarily blinding him, slides between the Horse-man's legs, and pops up in front of the SMALL STONE SCROOGE!

Peghook HURLS THE SWORD at Scrooge! In one swift motion, Scrooge dodges the blade, grabs the handle, and shoves it into the stone Scrooge statue, cutting its head off!

Scrooge holds the statue's head up to Peghook.

SCROOGE  
There's your head.

PEGHOOK'S GHOST  
I should have been more specifiiic!!!

Peghook's ghost dissipates.

As the sword struggles to get free of the statue, Scrooge shoves the STONE onto the Headless Horse-man, who stops bucking. It CLOPS out an answer with its hoof.

HEADLESS HORSE-MAN  
(subtitled) "A head. I'm no longer a freak! Thank you! THANK YOU!"

The Horse-man gallops off. Behind Scrooge, the DT-87 awakens!

DT-87  
INTRUDER DETECTED. VOICE PRINT ID-

SCROOGE  
I'm an old creaky has-been with a dumb stupid face.

DT-87  
VOICE PRINT RECOGNIZED. HELLO,  
SCROOGE McDUCK.

Scrooge dusts off his hat and puts it back on like a BIG DAMN HERO. The kids stare wide eyed. Then...

THE KIDS  
AAAAAHHHHHHH!/ That was  
unbelievable!/You were all like  
"There's your head! Boom!"/etc.

Scrooge slams his cane hard against the floor. The kids hush.

LOUIE  
We can explain. We came down to  
your Secret Museum Wing to look for  
you because...we...love you?

Louie gives Scrooge an unconvincing hug.

SCROOGE  
Secret Museum? This is the garage!

He hits a switch and the garage lights up, revealing it's far less mysterious than it was in the dark. Lawnmowers and tools fill in the spaces between ancient artifacts.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
I came looking for my SCUBA gear!

HUEY/DEWEY/LOUIE  
(to Webby) The garage?!

WEBBY  
No, that's ridiculous. If this is a garage then how do you explain all this amazing stuff-

Webby holds up a GARDEN HOSE and a SOME MAGAZINES.

WEBBY (CONT'D)  
-like the GARDEN HOSE OF DESTINY or MONTEZUMA'S STACK OF OLD MAGAZINES or- Ooohh. Yeah. It's a garage.

DEWEY  
Hey, you ditched us!

LOUIE  
Yeah, we didn't talk our way out of Uncle Donald's boring old houseboat just so you could lock us in some even more boring, non-boat room.

HUEY  
We thought you were like "Mr. Adventure"!

SCROOGE  
Adventure? HA! You can't even handle my old junk! And I'm particularly disappointed in you, Webbigail. These boys are just incompetent. What's your excuse?

The kids all look down, ashamed. Ouch.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
I'm calling Donald. I've got enough to worry about without being stuck with you three.

HUEY  
But we can help you--

SCROOGE  
NO YOU CAN'T!

BOOONNNNNNG! Scrooge hits Pixiu's Gong for emphasis. The kids stare at the gong, terrified.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Oh, what are you gaping at? The curse is only activated if you ring the gong three times and-- you already hit it twice, didn't you?

The STONE CHINESE DRAGON on the gong stand begins to crack, REVEALING AN ACTUAL CHINESE DRAGON: PIXIU!

PIXIU  
ROOOOOOOAAAAR!

Cat-like Pixiu slinks through the room, sniffing everything, including the kids. Then it zeroes in on the GIANT COIN.

WEBBY  
Pixiu, the Treasure-Hunting Dragon.

DEWEY  
Treasure hunting? Sounds great!

SCROOGE  
Not when you're Duckburg's single largest OWNER OF TREASURE!

Pixiu bares its fangs, and DEVOURS THE COIN WHOLE!

LOUIE  
AAAHH! SAVE THE MONEY!

Pixiu turns. It smells something. Pixiu TEARS A HOLE through the roof of the garage and looks out over Duckburg at...

...SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN! Pixiu licks its lips.

SCROOGE  
AWK! Me Bin!!!

Scrooge grabs onto the end of Pixiu's tail.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
(to kids) STAY PUT. And stay out of trou-bllllllllleeee!!!

PIXIU TAKES TO THE SKIES, DRAGGING SCROOGE WITH IT! The boys look up after them.

Louie puts a Post-It on a nearby vase.

HUEY  
LOUIE!

LOUIE  
What? He's fighting a DRAGON!

SKREEEEEEEEEEE. Light pours into the garage. The boys turn to see Webby heading out an OPEN GARAGE DOOR.

HUEY  
Where are you going?

WEBBY  
To help.

LOUIE  
But Scrooge told us to stay put.

WEBBY  
If you want to see the cool stuff,  
you've gotta cross the rope.

The boys smile.

DEWEY  
Ok! But how're we gonna get up  
there?

CRASH! LAUNCHPAD drives the limo through the garage wall!

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK  
I'm a pilot.

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE DUCKBURG - DAY**

Pixiu weaves in between the skyscrapers of Duckburg. Scrooge slowly pulls himself up Pixiu's torso towards the head. Pixiu does a loop-the-loop. As he reaches the top of the loop, Scrooge jumps straight down and lands on Pixiu's neck!

SCROOGE  
HaHA! It'll take more than some  
fancy flyin' to shake ol' Scrooge,  
ya cash cannibal!

Pixiu whips Scrooge back-and-forth between two SKYSCRAPERS.  
WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
(dazed) It'll take more than a  
bruised spine to shake ol' Scrooge,  
ya bad...dragon-dog-...

**EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS**

As Pixiu soars through downtown in the background, Donald and his fellow interviewees climb to the top of a ROPE WALL. The interviewer calls up from the ship's deck below.

INTERVIEWER

Final challenge! First one to ring  
the bell at the top gets the job!

DONALD

The job. The job. The job.

Donald slips. HE'S NOT GONNA MAKE IT. Then...

DONALD (CONT'D)

(to self) Huey. Dewey. Louie. HUEY.  
DEWEY. LOUIE. HUEY. DEWEY. LOUIE.

As he repeats the mantra, Donald pulls ahead of the others  
and reaches the top first!

DONALD (CONT'D)

HAHAHAAA!

Donald goes to ring the GOLDEN BELL. FWOOSH! GULP! Pixiu  
flies by and devours the bell in one fell swoop. Donald  
shakes uncontrollably and LAUNCHES INTO A CLASSIC DONALD DUCK  
RAGE, bringing the whole wall down on the interviewer.

Donald stands amidst the rubble, panting.

INTERVIEWER

You know you didn't get the job-

DONALD

YEAH, I KNOW.

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE DUCKBURG - CONTINUOUS**

Pixiu's making a beeline for the Money Bin! Scrooge makes it  
to Pixiu's head and shoves his cane in Pixiu's mouth as a  
bit. He pulls back, but Pixiu does a barrel roll. It finally  
shakes him loose, sending Scrooge falling...

**INT. LAUNCHPAD'S CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS**

...into the open door of Launchpad's Cargo Plane flying  
directly below the dragon! Scrooge crashes to the floor at  
Huey, Dewey, Louie, and Webby's feet.

SCROOGE

You! I thought I told you to stay--

DEWEY

No time! We've gotta work fast!

Huey points out the window, where PIXIU IS TEARING THE ROOF OFF OF THE MONEY BIN! Scrooge watches in amazement as the kids take charge.

HUEY

Webby! How do we stop it?

WEBBY

It's mystical, so we need a mystical device, like an Oblivion Mirror or a Midas Glove or--

LOUIE

You mean like this Midas Glove?

Louie pulls out the MIDAS GLOVE from the garage. Huey, Dewey, and Webby glare at him.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

I was gonna give it back!

He shoves the glove on Scrooge's hand.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Now how do we get him down there?

DEWEY

GARDENHOSE OF DESTINY!

Dewey ties the GARDENHOSE around Scrooge's waste. Huey opens the side-hatch and does some quick calculations.

HUEY

Launchpad! We need to swing him out. Nosedive towards the bin and then get ready to pull up!

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK

Yessir, random kid I just met!

Huey, Louie, and Webby grab on to the other end of the hose as Dewey and Scrooge stand at the open side-hatch.

DEWEY

Any questions?

SCROOGE

Since when is Launchpad a pilot?

**EXT. ABOVE THE MONEY BIN - CONTINUOUS**

Pixiu looks down at the money in Scrooge's Bin. He bares his fangs and lunges!

SCROOGE  
WOOOOO-OOOOOOOOOOOO!

Launchpad's Plane dive bombs towards the dragon then pulls up over the Bin, WHIPPING SCROOGE AND THE HOSE right at the dragon! Scrooge reaches out with the Midas Glove and grabs a hold of Pixiu's tail! The gold drains from the glove and spreads over Pixiu, TURNING IT TO GOLD!

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
I've got it!

As Pixiu's tail transforms, it WHIPS SCROOGE UPWARD! The kids lose their grip on the hose. Scrooge goes flying!

THE KIDS  
SCROOGE!

Scrooge goes hurtling towards the ground... right towards the COLD HARD CASH IN THE MONEY BIN! He smirks confidently, tucks, flips, and lands a PERFECT SWAN DIVE into his fortune. He disappears under the surface.

On the plane, the kids search the surface nervously.

Then SCROOGE BREAKS THROUGH, spits out coins, and swims through his money like a porpoise!

THE KIDS (CONT'D)  
YEEEEEAHHH!!!!

From the cockpit, Launchpad smiles back at the kids.

LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK  
Heh. Family truly is the greatest adventure of all. Hey that's pretty deep. I gotta write that down.

Launchpad reaches for the glovebox. THE WHOLE PLANE VEERS.

THE KIDS  
LAUNCHPAD! NO!

SLAM CUT TO  
BLACK.

EXT. SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN - MINUTES LATER

WHOOSH! Launchpad sprays a fire extinguisher at the PLANE WRECK just outside the bin. The kids swarm around Scrooge.

THE KIDS  
That was amazing!/Let's do it  
again!/Next time, I'm jumping/etc.

SCROOGE  
Let me get this straight.

Scrooge pushes the kids off him. Uh-oh. Here it comes.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
I agree to watch you for two hours,  
and in that time you wreck my home,  
destroy my bin, unleash several  
ancient evils, and almost get me  
killed. Twice.

LOUIE  
That's only once per hour.

SCROOGE  
You risked everything and now,  
because you refused to stand idly  
by and do what others expected of  
you... I have a giant golden  
dragon.

Scrooge points to the GOLD PIXIU. The kids exchange confused looks. Scrooge sizes up Webby, Huey, Dewey, and Louie.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
I HAVE been looking for a team. One  
that's Tougher than the toughies.  
Smarter than the smarties. Willing  
to make it's money square--

Scrooge catches Louie trying to pocket a loose DIAMOND.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)  
We can work on that. Maybe there is  
more than one way to build a  
legacy. All in favor of finding the  
Lost City of Atlantis?

EVERYONE  
AYE!

SCROOGE  
And no one tell your Uncle Donald!

EVERYONE  
YAY!

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Donald grumbles as he packs up his things.

DONALD  
No good stinkin' job. Whole thing's  
rigged...PHOOEY! Can't believe I  
have to go back and face Uncle  
Scrooge.

OLD DUCK (O.S.)  
*Uncle Scrooge? McDuck?*

Donald turns towards the stranger: FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD, the  
second richest duck in the world.

DONALD  
Yeah. What's it to ya?

GLOMGOLD  
You're hired! Welcome to Glomgold  
Industries! Now, what do you know  
about Atlantis?

**END OF PILOT**